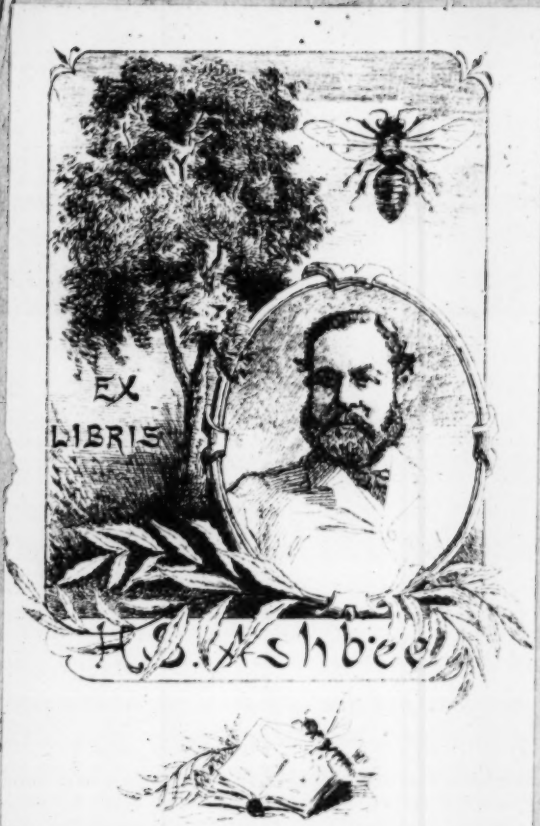
FIVE LOVE-LETTERS FROM A NUN TO A CAVALIER.

Done out of *French* into *English*,
BY
Sir *ROGER L'ESTRANGE*.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Bentley*, and are to be sold by *Gilbert Cownly* at the *Popes-Head* in the *New Exchange*, in the *Strand*. 1686.



J. E. G. REBELLO DA FONTOURA.

Alentorado (M. de)

LICENSED.

Dec. 28.
1677.

VIVE
LOYAL
NOM
CAVALIER

TO THE

Reader.

YOu are to take this Tranſlation very Kindly, for the Authour of it has ventur'd his Reputation to Oblige you: Ventur'd it (I ſay) even in the very Attempt of Co-

pying ſo Nice an Original. It is, in *French*, one of the moſt Artificial Pieces perhaps of the Kind, that is any where Extant: Beſide the Peculiar Graces, and Felicities of that Language, in the Matter of an *Amour*, which cannot be adopted into any other Tongue without Extream Force, and Affectation. There was

(it

(it ſeems) an *Intrigue* of Love carry'd on betwixt a *French Officer*, and a *Nun* in *Portugal*. The Cavalier forſakes his Miſtreſs, and Returns for *France*. The Lady expoſtulates the Buſineſs in five Letters of Complaint, which She ſends after him; and thoſe five Letters are here at your Service. You will find in them the

Lively Image of an Extravagant, and an Unfortunate Paſſion; and that *a Woman may be Fleſh and Bloud, in a Cloyſter, as well as in a Palace.*

FIVE

FIVE Portugaiſe LETTERS Turn'd into ENGLISH.

The firſt Letter.

OH my Inconſiderate, Improvident, and moſt unfortunate Love? and thoſe Treacherous Hopes that have betray'd both Thee,

and Me! The Paſſion that I deſign'd for the Bleſſing of my Life, is become the Torment of it: A Torment, anſwerable to the prodigious Cruelty of his Abſence that cauſes it. Bleſs mee! But muſt this Abſence laſt for ever? An Abſence ſo Helliſh, that Sorrow it ſelf wants words to expreſs it? Am I then never to ſee thoſe Eyes again? Thoſe Eyes, that have ſo often exchang'd Love with Mine, to the Charming of my very ſoul with Extacy, and Delight? Thoſe Eyes that were ten thouſand worlds to mee, and all that

I desir'd; the only comfortable Light of Mine, which, since I understood the Resolution of your Insupportable Departure, have Serv'd mee only to weep withal, and to lament the sad Approach of my Inevitable fate. And yet in this Extremity I cannot, me-thinks, but have some Tenderness, even for the misfortunes that are of your Creating. My Life was vow'd to you the first time I saw you: and since you would not accept of it as a Present, I am Content to make it a sacrifice. A Thou-

Thousand times a day I send my Sighs to hunt you out: and what Return for all my Passionate Disquiets, but the good Counsel of my Crosfortune? that whispers me at every turn; Ah wretched *Mariane*! why do'st thou flatter, and Consume thy self in the vain pursuit of a Creature never to be Recover'd? Hee's gone, hee's gone; Irrevocably gone; h'as past the seas to fly thee. Hee's now in *France* dissolv'd in pleasures; and does no more think of thee, or of what thou suffer'st for his

his falſe ſake, then if he had never known any ſuch woman. But hold: Y'ave more of Honour in you then to do ſo ill a thing; and ſo have I, then to believe it, eſpecially of a Perſon that I'm ſo much concern'd to juſtify. *Forget me?* 'Tis Impoſſible. My Caſe is bad enough at beſt, without the Aggravation of vain ſuppoſitions. No, no: The Care and Pains you took to make me think you lov'd me, and then the Joyes that That Care gave me, muſt never be forgotten: and ſhould I

love

love you leſs this Moment, then when I lov'd you moſt, (in Confidence that you lov'd me ſo too) I were Ungrateful. 'Tis an Unnatural, and a ſtrange thing, methinks, that the Remembrance of thoſe bleſſed hours ſhould be now ſo terrible to me; and that thoſe delights that were ſo raviſhing in the Enjoyment, ſhould become ſo bitter in the Reflection. Your laſt Letter gave me ſuch a Paſſion of the heart, as if it would have forc'd its way thorough my Breaſt, and follow'd you. It laid me

me three hours senseless: I wish it had been *dead*; for I had Then dy'd of Love. But I reviv'd: and to what End? only to die again, and lose that Life for you, which you your self did not think worth the saving. Beside that there's no Rest for me, while you're Away, any where but in the grave. This fit was follow'd with other Ill Accidents which I shall never be without till I see you: In the mean while, I bear them; and without repining too, because they came from you. But with your Leave: Is this

this the Recompence that you intend me? Is this your way of treating those that love you? Tho' 'tis no Matter; for (do what you will) I am resolv'd to be firm to you to my last gasp; and never to see the Eyes of any other Mortal. Nay I dare assure you that it will not be the worse for you neither, if you never set your heart upon any other woman: for certainly a Passion under the degree of mine, will never content you. You may find more Beauty perhaps elsewhere; (tho' the time was when

when you found no fault with mine) but you ſhall never meet with ſo true a heart; and all the reſt is nothing.

Let me entreat you not to ſtuff your Letters with things Unprofitable, and Impertinent to our Affair: and you may ſave your ſelf the trouble too of deſiring me to THINK of you. Why 'tis Impoſſible for me to forget you: and I muſt not forget the hope you gave me neither of your Return, and of ſpending ſome part of your time here with us in *Portugal.* Alas! And why not

not your whole Life rather? If I could but find any way to deliver my ſelf from this unlucky Cloyſter, I ſhould hardly ſtand gaping here for the performance of your Promiſe: but in defiance of all oppoſition, put my ſelf upon the March, Search you out, follow you, and love you throughout the whole world. It is not that I pleaſe my ſelf with this Project as a thing feaſible; or that I would ſo much as entertain any hope of Comfort; (tho' in the very deluſion I might find plea-

pleasure) but as it is my Lot to be miserable, I will be only sensible of that which is my Doom. And yet after all this, I cannot deny but upon this Opportunity of writing to you which my Brother has given me, I was surpriz'd with some faint Glimmerings of Delight, that yielded me a temporary Respite to the horrour of my despair. Tell me I conjure you; what was it that made you so sollicitous to entangle me, when you knew you were to leave me? And why so bloudily bent to make me

me Unhappy? why could you not let me alone at quiet in my Cloyſter as you found me? Did I ever do you any Injury?

But I muſt ask your Pardon; for I lay nothing to your Charge. I am not in condition to meditate a Revenge: and can only complain of the Rigour of my Perverſe Fortune. When ſhe has parted our Bodies, ſhe has done her worſt, and left us nothing more to fear: Our hearts are inſeparable; for thoſe whom Love has United

United are never to be di-
ided. As you tender my
ul let me hear often
om you. I have a Right
e-thinks to the Know-
dg, both of your Heart,
d of your Fortune; and
your Care to inform
e of it too. But *what ever*
u do, be ſure to come; and
ove all things in the
rld, to let me ſee you.
dieu. And yet I cannot
itt this Paper yet. Oh
at I could but convey
y ſelf in the Place on't!
ad fool that I am, to
k at this rate of a thing
at I my ſelf know to be
poſſible! *Adieu.* For

I

I can go no farther. *Adie*
Do but Love me for eve
and I care not what I e
dure.

T H

THE SECOND Letter.

THere is ſo great a difference betwixt the Love I write, and That which I feel, that if you meaſure the One by the Other, I have undone my ſelf. Oh how happy were I if you could but judge of my Paſſion

Paſſion by the violence of your own! But That I perceive is not to be the Rule betwixt you, and me. Give me leave however to tell you with an honeſt freedom, that tho' you cannot love me, you do very ill yet to treat me at this Barbarous Rate: It puts me out of my Wits to ſee my ſelf forgotten; and it is as little for your Credit perhaps, as it is for my Quiet. Or if I may not ſay that you are Unjuſt, it is yet the moſt Reaſonable thing in the World to let me tell you that I am Miſerable.

ble. I foreſaw what it would come to, upon the very Inſtant of your Reſolution to leave me. Weak Woman that I was! to expect, (after this) that you ſhould have more Honour, and Integrity then other Men, becauſe I had unqueſtionably deſerv'd it from you, by a tranſcendent degree of Affection above the Love of Other Women. No, no; Your Levity, and Averſion have over-rul'd your Gratitude, and Juſtice; you are my Enemy by Inclination: whereas only the Kind-

neſs of your Diſpoſition can Oblige me. Nay your Love it ſelf, if it were barely grounded upon my Loving of you, could never make me happy. But ſo far am I even from that Pretence, that in ſix Moneths I have not receiv'd one ſillable from you; Which I muſt impute to the blind fondneſs of my own Paſſion, for I ſhould otherwiſe have foreſeen that my Comforts were to be but Temporary, and my Love Everlaſting. For why ſhould I think that you would ever content your

ſel

ſelf to ſpend your Whole Life in *Portugal*; and relinquiſh your Country, and your fortune, only to think of me? Alas! my ſorrows are Inconſolable, and the very Remembrance of my paſt Enjoyments makes up a great part of my preſent pain. But muſt all my hopes be blaſted then, and fruitleſs? Why may not I yet live to ſee you again within theſe Walls, and with all thoſe Tranſports of Extacy, and Satisfaction, as heretofore? But how I fool my ſelf! for I find now that the Paſſion

which on my ſide, took up all the faculties of my ſoul, and Body, was only excited on your part by ſome looſe Pleaſures, and that they were to live and die together. It ſhould have been my Buſineſs, even in the Nick of thoſe Critical, and Bleſſed Minutes, to have Reaſon'd my ſelf into the Moderation of ſo Charming, and deadly an Exceſs, and to have told my ſelf before-hand, the fate which I now ſuffer. But my Thoughts were too much taken up with You to conſider my ſelf; So that

I was not in Condition to attend the Care of my Repoſe, or to bethink my ſelf of what might poiſon it, and diſappoint me in the full Emprovement of the moſt Ardent Inſtances of your Affection. I was too much pleas'd with you, to think of parting with you, and yet you may remember that I have told you now and then by fits, that you would be the Ruin of me. But thoſe Phancies were ſoon diſpers'd; and I was glad to yield them up too; and to give up my ſelf to the Enchant-

ments of your false Oaths and Protestations. I see very well the Remedy of all my Misfortunes, and that I should quickly be at Ease if I could leave Loving you. But Alas! That were a Remedy worse then the disease. No, no: I'le rather endure any thing then forget you. Nor could I if I would. 'Tis a thing that did never so much as enter into my Thought. But is not your Condition now the worse of the two? Is it not better to endure what I now suffer, then to enjoy Your faint satisfactions

factions among your French Miſtreſſes? I am ſo far from Envying your Indifference, that I Pitty it. I defie you to forget me abſolutely: and I am deceiv'd if I have not taken ſuch a Courſe with you, that you ſhall never be perfectly happy without me. Nay perhaps I am at this Inſtant the leſs miſerable of the two; in regard that I am the more employ'd. They have lately made me door-keeper here in this Convent. All the people that talk to me think me mad; for I anſwer them I know

not what; And certainly the reſt of the Convent muſt be as mad as I, they would never elſe have thought me Capable of any Truſt. How do I envy the good Fortune of poor *Emanuel*, and *Franciſco*! Why cannot I be with you perpetually as they are? tho' in your Liberty too? I ſhould follow you as Cloſe without diſpute, and ſerve you at leaſt as faithfully; for there is nothing in this World that I ſo much deſire as to ſee you; But however, let me entreat you to think of me; and

I

I ſhall Content my ſelf with a bare place in your Memory. And yet I cannot tell neither, whether I ſhould or no? for I know very well that when I ſaw you every day I ſhould hardly have ſatisfy'd my ſelf within theſe Bounds. But you have taught me ſince, that whatſoever you will have me do, I muſt do. In the *Interim*, I do not at all repent of my Paſſion for you; Nay, I am well enough ſatisfi'd that you have ſeduc'd me; and your Abſence it ſelf tho' never ſo rigorous, and per-

haps Eternal, does not at all leſſen the vigour of my Love: which I will avow to the Whole world, for I make no ſecret on't. I have done many things irregularly 'tis true; and againſt the Common Rules of good Manners: and not without taking ſome Glory in them neither, becauſe they were done for your ſake. My honour, and Religion are brought only to ſerve the Turn of my Love, and to carry me on to my lives end, in the Paſſionate Continuance of the Affection I have begun. I do not

not write this, to draw a Letter from you; wherefore never force your ſelf for the Matter: for I will receive nothing at your hands; no, not ſo much as any Mark of your Affection unleſs it comes of its own accord, and in a Manner, whether you will or No. If it may give you any ſatisfaction, to ſave your ſelf the trouble of Writing, it ſhall give me ſome likewiſe, to excuſe the Unkindneſs of it; for I am wonderfully enclin'd to paſs over all your faults. A *French* Officer, that had the Charity this morning

morning to hold me at least three hours in a discourse of you, tells me that *France* has made a Peace. If it be so; Why cannot you bestow a visit upon me, and take me away with you? But 'tis more then I deserve, and it must be as you please; for my Love does not at all depend upon your Manner of treating me. Since you went away I have not had one Minutes Health, nor any sort of Pleasure, but in the Accents of your Name, which I call upon a Thousand times a day. Some of my

my Companions that underſtand the deplorable Ruin you have brought upon me, are ſo good as to entertain me many times concerning you. I keep as Cloſe to my Chamber as is poſſible, which is the dearer to me even for the many Viſits you have made me there. Your Picture I have perpetually before me, and I Love it more then my hearts bloud. The very Counterfeit gives me ſome Comfort: But oh the Horrours too! When I conſider that the Original, for ought I know, is loſt

for

for ever. But why ſhould it be poſſible, even to be poſſible, that I may never ſee you more? Have you forſaken me then for ever? It turns my Brain to think on't. Poor *Mariane*! But my Spirits fail me, and I ſhall ſcarce out-live this Letter?---Mercy---Farwel, Farewel.

The

THE THIRD Letter.

WHat ſhall become of me? Or what will you adviſe me to do? How ſtrangely am I diſſappointed, in all my Expectations! Where are the Letters from you? the Long and Kind Letters that

that I look'd for by every Poſt? To keep me alive in the hopes of Seeing you again; and in the Confidence of your faith, and Juſtice; to ſettle me in ſome tolerable ſtate of Repoſe, without being abandon'd to any inſupportable Extream? I had once caſt my Thoughts upon ſome Idle Projects of endeavouring my own Cure, in Caſe I could but once aſſure my ſelf that I was totally forgotten. The diſtance you were at; Certain Impulſes of Devotion; the fear of utterly deſtroying the Remain-

der

der of my Imperfect health, by ſo many reſtleſs Nights, and Cares; the Improbability of your Return; The Coldneſs of your Paſſion, and the Formality of your laſt *Adieu's*; Your Weak, and frivolous pretences for your departure: Theſe, with a thouſand other Conſiderations, (of more weight, then profit) did all concurre to encourage me in my deſign, if I ſhould find it neceſſary; In fine; having only my ſingle ſelf to encounter I could not doubt of the ſucceſs, nor could it enter

ter into my Apprehenſion what I feel at this day. Alas! how wretched is my Condition, that am not allow'd ſo much as to divide the ſorrows with you, of which you your ſelf are the Cauſe? You are the Offender, and I am to bear the Puniſhment of your Crime. It ſtrikes me to the very heart, for fear you, that are now ſo Inſenſible of my Torments, were never much affected with our mutual delights. Yes, yes; 'Tis now a Clear Caſe that your whole Addreſs to me was only an Artificial diſguiſe.

diſguiſe. You betray'd me as often as you told me, how over-joy'd you were that you had got me alone: and your Paſſions, and Tranſports were only the Effects of my own Importunities: Yours was a deliberate deſign to fool me; your buſineſs was to make a Conqueſt, not a friend; and to triumph over my Heart, without ever engaging or hazzarding your own. Are not you very unhappy now, and (at leaſt) Ill-natur'd, if not ill-bred, only to make this wretched uſe of ſo Superlative a friendſhip?

friendſhip? Who would have thought it poſſible that ſuch a Love as mine, ſhould not have made you happy? 'Tis for your ſake alone if I am troubl'd for the Infinite delights that you have loſt, and might as eaſily have enjoy'd, had you but thought them worth the while. Ah! If you did but underſtand them aright, you would find a great difference betwixt the Pleaſure of Obliging me, and that of Abuſing me; and betwixt the Charming felicities of Loving violently, and of being ſo belov'd. I do not

not know either what I am, or what I do, or what I would be at. I am torn to pieces by a Thouſand contrary Motions, and in a Condition deplorable beyond Imagination. I love you to death, and ſo tenderly too, that I dare hardly wiſh your heart in the ſame condition with mine. I ſhould deſtroy my ſelf, or die with Grief, could I believe your nights and Thoughts, as reſtleſs as I find Mine; your Life as Anxious and diſturb'd; your Eyes ſtill flowing, and all things and people Odious

Odious to you. Alas! I am hardly able to bear up under my own Misfortunes; how ſhould I then Support the Weight of yours; which would be a Thouſand times more grievous to me? And yet all this While I cannot bring my ſelf to adviſe you, not to Think of me. And to deal freely with you, there is not any thing in *France* that you take pleaſure in, or that comes near your heart, but I'm moſt furiouſly jealous of it. I do not know what 'tis I write for. Perhaps you'l pitty me; but what good will

will that pitty do me? I'le none on't. Oh how I hate my ſelf when I conſider what I have forfeited to oblige you! I have blaſted my Reputation; I have loſt my Parents; I have expos'd my ſelf to the Lawes of my Country againſt Perſons of my Profeſſion; and finally, to your Ingratitude, the worſt of my Misfortunes. But why do I pretend to a Remorſe, when at this Inſtant, I ſhould be glad with all my Soul, if I had run ten thouſand greater hazzards for your dear Sake? and for the danger of my Life

and

and Honour; the very thought on't is a kind of doleful Pleaſure to me, and all's no more then the delivery of what's your own, and what I hold moſt Pretious, into your Diſpoſition; And I do not know how all theſe riſques could have been better Imploy'd. Upon the Whole matter, every thing diſpleaſes me, my Love, my Misfortune; and alas! I cannot perſwade my ſelf that I am well us'd even by You. And yet I Live, (falſe as I am) and take as much pains to preſerve my life, as to loſe it.

it. Why do I not die of ſhame then, and ſhew you the deſpair of my Heart, as well as of my Letters? If I had lov'd you ſo much as I have told you a thouſand times I did, I had been in my Grave long ere this. But I have deluded you, and the Cauſe of Complaint is now on your ſide. Alas! why did you not tell me of it? Did I not ſee you go away? Am I not out of all hopes of ever ſeeing you again? And am I yet alive? I have betray'd you, and I beg your pardon. But do not grant it though; Treat

me as ſeverely as you will: Tell me that my Paſſion is Weak, and Irreſolute. Make your ſelf yet harder to be pleas'd. Write me word that you would have me die for you. Do it, I conjure you: and aſſiſt me in the Work of ſurmounting the Infirmity of my Sex; and that I may put an end to all my fruitleſs deliberations, by an effectual deſpair. A Tragical Concluſion would undoubtedly bring me often into your thoughts, and make my Memory dear to you. And who knows how

how you might be Affected, with the Bravery of ſo Glorious a death? A death Incomparably to be preferr'd before the Life that you have left me. Farwel then: and *I wiſh I had never ſeen the Eyes of you.* But my heart Contradicts my Pen; for I feel, in the very moment that I write it, that I would rather chuſe to Love you in any ſtate of Miſery, then agree to the bare Suppoſition that I had never Seen you. Wherefore ſince you do not think fit, to mend my fortune, I ſhall chear-

fully ſubmit to the worſt on't. *Adieu*; but firſt promiſe me, that if I die of grief, you will have ſome Tenderneſs for my Aſhes: Or at leaſt that the Generoſity of my Paſſion ſhall put you out of Love with all other things. This Conſolation ſhall ſatisfie me, that if you muſt never be mine, I may be ſecur'd that you ſhall never be Anothers. You cannot be ſo inhumane ſure, as to make a mean uſe of my moſt Affectionate deſpairs, and to recommend your ſelf to any other Woman, by

ſhewing

ſhewing the Power you have had upon me. Once more, *Adieu.* My Letters are long, and I fear troubleſom; but I hope you'l forgive them, and diſpenſe with the fooleries of a Sot of your own making. *Adieu.* Methinks I run over and over too often with the ſtory of my moſt deplorable Condition: Give me leave now to thank you from the Bottom of my heart for the Miſeries you have brought upon me, and to deteſt the Tranquillity I liv'd in before I knew you. My Paſſion is greater eve-

ry Moment than other. *Adieu.* Oh what a World of things have I to tell you?

THE

THE FOURTH Letter.

YOur Lieutenant tells me that you were forc'd by foul Weather to put in upon the Coaſt of *Algarve*. I am afraid the Sea does not agree with you; and my Fears for your Misfortunes make me almoſt to forget my

own. Can you imagine your Lieutenant to be more concern'd in what befals you, than I am? If not, How comes he to be ſo well inform'd, and not one ſillable to me? If you could never find the means of writing to me ſince you went, I am very Unhappy? but I am more ſo, if you could have written, and would not. But what ſhould a body expect from ſo much Ingratitude, and Injuſtice? And yet it would break my heart, if heaven ſhould puniſh you upon any account of mine.

For

For I had much rather gratifie my Kindneſs, than my Revenge. There can be nothing clearer, than that you neither Love me, nor Care what becomes of me; and yet am I ſo fooliſh, as to follow the Dictate of a blind, and beſotted Paſſion, in oppoſition to the Counſels of a demonſtrative Reaſon. This Coldneſs of yours, when you and I were firſt acquainted, would have ſav'd me many a ſorrowful Thought. But where's the Woman, that in my Place, would have done otherwiſe than

I did? Who would ever have queſtion'd the Truth of ſo preſſing and Artificial an Importunity? We cannot eaſily bring our ſelves to ſuſpect the Faith of thoſe we Love. I know very well, that a ſlender Excuſe will ſerve your Turn; and I'le be ſo kind as to ſave you even the Labour of That too, by telling you, that I can never conſent to conclude you guilty, but in order to the infinite Pleaſure I ſhall take to acquit you, in perſwading my ſelf that you are Innocent. It was the Aſſi-

duity

duity of your Converſation that refin'd me; your Paſſion that inflam'd me; Your good humour that Charm'd me; your Oaths, and Vows that confirm'd me; but 'twas my own precipitate Inclination that ſeduc'd me; and what's the Iſſue of theſe fair, and promiſing Beginnings, but Sighs, Tears, Diſquiets, nay, and the worſt of Deaths too, without either Hope, or Remedy. The Delights of my Love, I muſt confeſs, have been ſtrangely ſurprizing; but follow'd with Miſeries not to be expreſs'd: (as what

whatever comes from you works upon me in Extreams.) If I had either obſtinately oppos'd your Addreſs; or done any thing to put you out of humour, or make you jealous, with a deſign to draw you on: If I had gon any crafty, artificial wayes to work with you; or but ſo much as check'd my early, and my growing Inclinations to comply with you, (tho' it would have been to no purpoſe at all) you might have had ſome Colour then to make uſe of your Power, and deal with me ac-

accordingly. But ſo far was I from oppoſing your Paſſion, that I prevented it; for I had a kindneſs for your Perſon, before you ever told me any thing of your Love; and you had no ſooner declar'd it, but with all the joy imaginable I receiv'd it, and gave my ſelf up wholly to that Inclination. You had at that time your Eyes in your Head, tho' I was Blind. Why would you let me go on then to make my ſelf the miſerable Creature which now I am? Why would you train me

on

on to all thoſe Extravagances which to a perſon of your Indifference muſt needs have been very Importune? You knew well enough that you were not to be always in *Portugal*; Why muſt I then be ſingl'd out from all the reſt, to be made thus Unfortunate? In this Country without diſpute you might have found out handſomer Women than my ſelf, that would have ſerv'd your turn every jot as well, (to your courſe purpoſe) and that would have been true to you as far as they could have

have ſeen you, without breaking their hearts for you, when you were gon: and ſuch as you might have forſaken at laſt, without either Falſeneſs, or Cruelty: Do you call this the Tenderneſs of a Lover, or the Perſecution of a Tyrant? And 'tis but deſtroying of your own neither. You are juſt as eaſie, I find, to believe ill of me, as I have always been to think better of you than you have deſerv'd. Had you but lov'd me half ſo well as I do you, you would never have parted with me upon

on ſo eaſie Terms. I ſhould have maſter'd greater Difficulties, and never have upbraided you with the Obligation neither. Your Reaſons, 'tis true, were very feeble, but if they had been the ſtrongeſt imaginable, it had been all one to me: for nothing but death it ſelf could ever have torn me from you. Your Return into *France* was nothing in the World but a Pretext of your own contriving. *There was a Veſſel* (you ſaid) *that was thither bound.* And why could not you let that Veſſel

ſel take her Courſe? *Your Relations ſent for you away.* You are no ſtranger ſure to the Perſecution, that for your ſake, I have ſuffer'd from mine. *Your Honour* (forſooth) *engag'd you to forſake me.* Why did you not think of that ſcruple, when you deluded me to the loſs of mine? *Well! but you muſt go back to ſerve your Prince.* His Majeſty, I preſume, would have excus'd you in that point? for I cannot learn that he has any need of your Service. But, Alas! I ſhould have been too happy, if you

you and I might have liv'd, and dy'd together. This only Comfort I have in the bitterneſs of our deadly ſeparation, that I was never falſe to you; and that for the whole World I would not have my Conſcience tainted with ſo black a Crime. But can you then, that know the Integrity of my Soul, and the Tenderneſs that I have for you; can you (I ſay) find in your heart to abandon me for ever, and expoſe me to the Terrours that attend my wretched Condition? Never ſo much as to think of

of me again, but only when you are to ſacrifice me to a new Paſſion. My Love, you ſee, has diſtracted me; and yet I make no complaint at all of the violence of it: for I am ſo wonted to Perſecutions, that I have diſcover'd a kind of pleaſure in them, which I would not live without, and which I enjoy, while I love you, in the middle of a thouſand afflictions. The moſt grievous part of my Calamity, is the hatred, and diſguſt that you have given me for all other things: My Friends, my Kindred,

Kindred, the Convent it ſelf is grown intollerable to me; and whatſoever I am oblig'd either to ſee, or to do, is become odious. I am grown ſo jealous of my Paſſion, that methinks all my Actions, and all my Dutys ought to have ſome regard to you. Nay, every moment that is not employ'd upon your ſervice, my Conſcience checks me for it, either as misbeſtow'd, or caſt away. My Heart is full of Love, and Hatred; and, Alas! what ſhould I do without it? ſhould I ſurvive this reſtleſsneſs

leſsneſs of thought, to lead a Life of more tranquillity, and eaſe, ſuch an Emptineſs, and ſuch an Inſenſibility could never conſiſt. Every Creature takes notice how ſtrangely I am chang'd in my Humour, my Manners, and in my Perſon. My Mother takes me to task about it: One while ſhe ſpeaks me fair, and then ſhe chides me, and asks me what I ail. I do not well know what anſwers I have made her; but I Phancy that I have told her all. The moſt ſevere, even of the Religious them-

themſelves, take pity of me, and bear with my Condition. The whole World is touch'd with my Misfortunes; your ſingle ſelf excepted, as wholly unconcern'd: Either you are not pleas'd to write at all; or elſe your Letters are ſo cold; ſo ſtuff'd with Repetitions; the Paper not half full, and your Conſtraint ſo groſly diſguis'd, that one may ſee with half an Eye the pain you are in till they are over. *Dona Brites* would not let me be quiet the other day, till ſhe had got me out of my

my Chamber, on to the Balcon that looks (you know) toward *Mertola:* ſhe did it to oblige me, and I follow'd her: But the very ſight of the Place ſtruck me with ſo terrible an Impreſſion, that it ſet me a Crying the whole day after. Upon this, ſhe took me back again, and I threw my ſelf upon my Bed, where I paſs'd a thouſand Reflections upon the deſpairs of my Recovery. I am the worſe I find for that which people do to relieve me; and the Remedies they offer me, do but

but ſerve to aggravate my Miſeries. Many a time have I ſeen you paſs by from this Balcon; (and the ſight pleas'd me but too well) and there was I that fatal day, when I firſt found my ſelf ſtrook with this unhappy Paſſion. Methought you look'd as if you had a mind to oblige me, even before you knew me; and your Eye was more upon me than the reſt of the Company. And when you made a ſtop, I fool'd my ſelf to think that it was meant to me too, that I might take a fuller view

view of you, and ſee how every thing became you. Upon giving your Horſe the ſpur (I remember) my heart was at my mouth for fear of an untoward leap you put him upon. In fine; I could not but ſecretly concern my ſelf in all your Actions; and as you were no longer indifferent to me, ſo I took ſeveral things to my ſelf alſo from you; and as done in my favour. I need not tell you the ſequel of Matters (not that I care who knows it) nor would I willingly write the whole Story, leſt I ſhould make you

thought more culpable (if poſſible) than in Effect (perhaps) you are. Beſide that it might furniſh your Vanity with ſubject of reproach, by ſhewing that all my Labours, and Endeavours to make ſure of you, could not yet keep you from forſaking me. But what a Fool am I, in thinking to work more upon your Ingratitude, with Letters, and Invectives, than ever I could with my Infinite Love, and the Liberty that attended it! No, no: I am too ſure of my ill Fortune, and you are too unjuſt to make

make me doubt of it; and ſince I find my ſelf deſerted, what miſchief is there in Nature which I am not to fear? But are your Charms only to work upon me? Why may not other Women look upon you with my Eyes? I ſhould be well enough content perhaps to find more of my Sex (in ſome degree) of my Opinion; and that all the Ladyes of *France* had an eſteem for you, provided that none of them either doted upon you, or pleas'd you: This is a moſt ridicu-

lous, and an impoſſible Propoſition. But there's no danger (I may ſpeak it upon ſad Experience) of your troubling your head long with any one thing; and you will forget me eaſily enough, without the help of being forc'd to't by a new Paſſion. So infinitely do I love you, that (ſince I am to loſe you) I could e'en wiſh that you had had ſome fairer colour for't. It is true, that it would have made me more miſerable; but you ſhould have had leſs to anſwer for then. You'l ſtay in *France*,

France, I perceive, in perfect Freedom, and perhaps not much to your Satisfaction; The Incommodities of a long Voyage; ſome Punctilioes of good Manners; and the fear of not returning Love for Love, may perchance keep you there. Oh, you may ſafely truſt me in this Caſe: Let me but only ſee you now and then, and know that we are both of us in the ſame Country, it ſhall content me. But why do I flatter my ſelf? Who knows but that the Rigour and Severity of ſome

other Woman may come to prevail upon you more than all my Favours? Tho' I cannot believe you yet to be a Perſon that will be wrought upon by ill uſage.

Before you come to engage in any powerful Paſſion, let me entreat you to bethink your ſelf of the Exceſs of my Sorrows; the Uncertainty of my Purpoſes; the Diſtraction of my Thoughts; the Extravagance of my Letters; The Truſts I have repos'd in you; my Deſpairs, my Wiſhes, and my Jealouſies. Alas! I am

am affraid that you are about to make your ſelf unfortunate. Take warning, I beg of you, by my Example, and make ſome Uſe to your ſelf of the Miſeries that I endure for you. I remember you told me in Confidence, (and in great Earneſt too) ſome five or ſix Months ago, that you had once a Paſſion for a *French* Lady. If ſhe be any Obſtacle to your Return, deal frankly with me, and put me out of my Pain. It will be a kind of Mercy to me, if the faint hope which yet Sup-

ports me, must never take effect, even to lose my Life, and that together. Pray'e send me her picture, and Some of her Letters, and write me all she says. I shall find Something there undoubtedly that will make me either better, or worse. In the Condition that I am, I cannot long continue; and any Change whatsoever must be to my Advantage. I should take it kindly if you would send me your Brothers, and your Sisters pictures too. Whatsoever is dear to you must be so to me; and I am a very faithful Servant

to

to any thing that is related to you: and it cannot be otherwiſe: for you have left me no power at all to diſpoſe of my ſelf. Sometimes me-thinks I could Submit even to attend upon the Woman that you Love. So Low am I brought by your Scorns, and ill Uſage, that I dare not ſo much as ſay to my ſelf, *Methinks I might be allow'd to be jealous, without diſpleaſing you.* Nay, I chide my ſelf as the moſt miſtaken Creature in the World to blame you: and I am many times convinc'd

that I ought not to importune you as I do, with thoſe paſſages, and thoughts which you are pleas'd to diſown.

The Officer that waits for this Letter grows a little Impatient: I had once reſolv'd to keep it clear from any poſſibility of giving you Offence. But it is broken out into Extravagances, and 'tis time to put an end to't. But Alas! I have not the heart to give it over. When I write to you, methinks I ſpeak to you: and our Letters bring us nearer together. The firſt

ſhall

ſhall be neither So long nor So troubleſome. But you may venture to open it, and read it, upon the aſſurance that I now give you. I am not to entertain you, I know, with a Paſſion that diſpleaſes you, and you ſhall hear no more on't. It is now a year within a few days, that I have deliver'd my ſelf wholly up to you, without any Reſerve. Your Love I took to be both Warm, and Sincere: And I could never have thought you would have been ſo weary of my favours, as to take a voyage of five hundred

dred leagues; and run the Hazzards of Rocks, and Pirates, only to avoid them. This is a Treatment that certainly I never deſerv'd at any mans hands. You can call to mind my Shame my Confuſion, and my Diſorders. But you have forgotten the Obligations you had to Love me even in deſpight of your Averſion. The Officer calls upon me now the fourth time for my Letter. He will go away without it, he Says; and preſſes me, as if he were running away from another Miſtreſs. Farewell. You had not half

half the difficulty to leave me (tho' perhaps for ever) which I have, only to part with this Letter. But *Adieu.* There are a thouſand tender names that I could call you now. But I dare not deliver my ſelf up to the freedom of Writing my thoughts. You are a thouſand times dearer to me than my Life, and a thouſand times more than I imagine too. Never was any thing So barbarous, and ſo much belov'd. I muſt needs tell you once again, that *you do not write to me.* But I am now going to

begin

begin afreſh, and *the Officer will be gone.* Well, and what matters it? Let him go. 'Tis not ſo much for your ſake that I write, as my own; for my Buſineſs is only to divert, and entertain my ſelf: Beſide that the very Length of this Letter will make you afraid on't: And you'l never read it thorough neither. What Have I done to draw all theſe Miſeries upon me? And why ſhould you of all others be the poiſoner of my peace, and blaſt the Comfort of my Life? Why was I not born in ſome

ſome other Country? forgive me, and farwell. See but to what a Miſerable point I am reduc'd, when I dare not ſo much as intreat you to Love me. *Adieu.*

THE

THE FIFTH Letter.

YOu will find, I hope, by the different Ayre and ſtile of this Letter, from all my former, that I have chang'd my Thoughts too; and you are to take this for an Eternal farwell; for I am now at length perfectly

perfectly convinc'd, that ſince I have irrecoverably loſt your Love, I can no longer juſtify my own. Whatſoever I had of Yours ſhall be ſent you by the firſt Opportunity: There ſhall be no more writing in the Caſe; No, not ſo much as your Mame upon the Pacquett. *Dona Brites* is a Perſon whom I can truſt as my own ſoul, and whom I have entruſted (as you know very well) Unfortunate Wretch that I am! in Confidences of another Quality betwixt you and me. I have left it to her

Care

Care to ſee your Picture and your Bracelets diſpatch'd away to you, (thoſe once beloved Pledges of your Kindneſs) and only in due time to aſſure me that you have receiv'd them. Would you believe me now, if I ſhould ſwear to you, that within theſe five days, I have been at leaſt fifty times upon the very point of Burning the One, and of Tearing the Other into a Million of Pieces? But, You have found me too eaſy a fool, to think me Capable of ſo Generous an Indignation. If I could

could but vex you a little in the ſtory of my Miſfortunes; it would be ſome ſort of Abatement me-thinks to the Cruelty of them. Thoſe Bawbles (I muſt confeſs, both to Your ſhame, and Mine) went nearer my heart than I am willing to tell you, and when it came to the Pinch of parting with them, I found it the hardeſt thing in the World to go thorough with it: So Mortal a Tenderneſs had I for any thing of Yours, even at that Inſtant when you your ſelf ſeem'd to be the moſt Indifferent

different thing in Nature: But there's no reſiſting the force of Neceſſity and Reaſon. This Reſolution has coſt me Many, and Many a Tear; A thouſand, and a thouſand Agonies, and Diſtractions, more than you can imagine; and more, Undoubtedly, than you ſhall ever hear of from me. *Dona Brites* (I ſay) has them in Charge; upon Condition, never to name them to Me again? No, not ſo much as to give me a ſight of them, though I ſhould beg for't upon my Knees; but, in fine,

to

to haſten them away, without one Syllable to Me of their going.

If it had not been for this Trial to get the Maſtery of my Paſſion, I ſhould never have underſtood the force of it; and if I could have foreſeen the Pains and the hazzards of the Encounter, I am afraid that I ſhould never have ventur'd upon the Attempt: for I am verily perſwaded that I could much better have Supported your Ingratitude it ſelf, though never ſo foul, and Odious, than the Deadly, Deadly Thought

Thought of this Irrevocable Separation. And it is not your Perſon neither that is ſo dear to me, but the Dignity of My unalterable Affection. My ſoul is ſtrangely divided; Your falſeneſs makes me abhor you, and yet at the ſame time my Love, my Obſtinate, and Invincible Love, will not conſent to part with you.

What a Bleſſing were it to me now, if I were but endu'd with the Common Quality of other Women, and only Proud enough to deſpiſe you? Alas! Your Contempt

I have born already: Nay, had it been your Hatred, or the most Raging Jealousie; All this, compar'd with your Indifference, had been a Mercy to me. By the Impertinent Professions, and the most Ridiculous Civilities of your Last Letter, I find that all mine are Come to your hand; and that you have read them over too: but as unconcern'd, as if you forsooth had no Interest at all in the Matter. So that I am, to lie thus at the Mercy of an Insensible, and Ungrateful Creature; and to be as much afflicted

now

now at the Certainty of the Arrival of thoſe Papers, as I was before, for fear of their Miſcarriage! What have I to do with your telling me the *TRUTH OF THINGS*? Who deſir'd to know it? Or the *SINCERITY* you talk of; a thing you never practis'd toward me, but to my Miſchief. Why could you not let me alone in my Ignorance? Who bad you Write? Miſerable Woman that I am! Methinks after ſo much pains taken already to delude me to my Ruin, you might have ſtreyn'd one point

point more, in this Extremity, to deceive me to my Advantage, without pretending to excuſe your ſelf. 'Tis too late to tell you that I have caſt away many a Tender Thought upon the Worſt of Men; the moſt Oblig'd, and the moſt Unthankful. Let it ſuffice that I know you now as well as if I were in the heart of you. The only favour that I have now to deſire from you, after ſo many done for you, is This: (and I hope you will not refuſe it me) Write no more to me; and remember that I

have conjur'd you never to do it. Do all that is Poſſible for you to do, (if ever you had any Love for me) to make me abſolutely forget you. For Alas! I dare not truſt my ſelf in any ſort of Correſpondence with you. The leaſt hint in the World of any kind Reflection upon the reading of this Letter, would perchance expoſe me to a Relapſe; and then the taking of me at my Word, on the other ſide, would moſt certainly tranſport me into an Extravagance of Choler, and Deſpair. So that in my Opinion

Opinion it will be your beſt courſe not to meddle at all with Me, or my Affairs: for which way ſo ever you go to work, it muſt inevitably bring a great diſorder upon both. I have no Curioſity to know the ſucceſs of this Letter: Me-thinks the ſorrows you have brought upon me already, might abundantly content you (even if your Deſign were never ſo malicious) without diſturbing me in my Preparations for my future Peace. Do but leave me in my Uncertainty, and I will not yet deſpair, in time, of arriving at

ſome degree of Quiet. This I dare promiſe you, that I ſhall never hate you; for I am too great an Enemy to violent Reſolutions ever to go about it. Who knows but I may yet live to find a truer friend than I have loſt? But Alas! What ſignifies any mans Love to me, if I cannot Love him? Why ſhould his Paſſion work more upon my heart, than mine could upon Yours? I have found by ſad Experience, that the firſt Motions of Love, which we are more properly ſaid to Feel, than to Underſtand, are never

to

to be forgotten: That our ſouls are perpetually Intent upon the Idol which we our ſelves have made: That the firſt Wounds, and the firſt Images are never to be cur'd, or defac'd: That all the Paſſions that pretend to ſuccour us, either by Diverſion, or Satisfaction, are but ſo many vain Promiſes of bringing us to our Wits again, which, if once loſt, are never to be recover'd: And that all the Pleaſures that we purſue, (many times without any deſire of finding them) amount to no more, than to convince us, that no-

thing is ſo dear to us as the Remembrance of our Sorrows. Why muſt you pitch upon Mee, for the ſubject of an Imperfect, and Tormenting Inclination; which I can neither Relinquiſh with Temper, nor Preſerve with Honour? The diſmal Conſequences of an Impetuous Love, which is not Mutual? And why is it that by a Conſpiracy of Blind Affection, and Inexorable fate, we are ſtill condemn'd to Love where we are Deſpis'd, and to Hate where we are Belov'd?

But what if I could flat-

ter

ter my ſelf with the Hope of diverting my Miſeries by any other Engagement? I am ſo ſenſible of my own Condition, that I ſhould make a very great ſcruple of Uſing any other Mortal as you have treated me: and though I am not Conſcious of any Obligation to ſpare you, yet if it were in my Power to take my Revenge upon you, by changing you for any other, (a thing very Unlikely) I could never agree to the gratifying of my Paſſion that way.

I am now telling my ſelf in your behalf, that it

is not reaſonable to expect, that the ſimplicity of a Religious ſhould confine the Inclinations of a Cavalier. And yet methinks, if a body might be allow'd to reaſon upon the Actions of Love, a man ſhould rather fix upon a Miſtreſs in a Convent than any where elſe. For they have nothing there to hinder them from being perpetually Intent upon their Paſſion: Whereas in the World, there are a thouſand fooleries, and Amuſements, that either take up their Thoughts intirely, or at leaſt divert them.

And

And what Pleaſure is it (or rather how great a Torment, if a body be not Stupid) for a man to ſee the Woman that he loves, in a Continual Hurry of Delights; taken up with Ceremony, and Viſits; no diſcourſes but of Balls, Dreſſes, Walks, *&c.* Which muſt needs expoſe him every hour to freſh jealouſies? Who can ſecure himſelf that Women are not better Satisfied with theſe Entertainments than they ought to be? even to the Diſguſting of their own Husbands? How can any man pretend to Love, who

without examining Particulars, contentedly believes what's told him, and looks upon his Miſtreſs under all theſe Circumſtances with Confidence, and Quiet? It is not that I am now Arguing my ſelf into a Title to your Kindneſs, for this is not a way to do my buſineſs: eſpecially after the Trial of a much more probable Method, and to as little purpoſe. No, no: I know my Deſtiny, too Well, and there's no ſtrugling with it. My Whole Life is to be miſerable. It was ſo, when I ſaw you every day; When we

we were together, for fear of your Infidelity; and at a diſtance, becauſe I could not endure you out of my ſight: My heart ak'd every time you came into the Convent; and my very life was at ſtake when you were in the Army: It put me out of all Patience to conſider that neither my Perſon, nor Condition were Worthy of you: I was afraid that your Pretenſions to me might turn to your Damage: I could not Love you enough me-thought: I liv'd in dayly Apprehenſion of ſome Miſchief or other from my Parents:

So

So that upon the Whole Matter, my Caſe was not much better at that time than it is at preſent. Nay had you but given me the leaſt Proof of your Affection ſince you left *Portugal*, I ſhould moſt certainly have made my Eſcape, and follow'd you in a diſguiſe. And what would have become of me then, after the loſs of my honour, and my friends, to ſee my ſelf abandon'd in *France*? What a Confuſion ſhould I have been in? What a plunge ſhould I have been at? What an Infamy ſhould I have brought upon my family,

ſamily, which I do aſſure you, ſince I left loving of you, is very dear to me. Take Notice I pray'e, that in Cold thoughts I am very Senſible that I might have been much more Miſerable than I am; and that once in my Life I have talk'd Reaſon to you? but whether my Moderation pleaſes you, or not; and what Opinion ſoever you entertain of me, I beſeech you keep it to your ſelf. I have deſir'd you already, and I do now re-conjure you, never to Write to me again.

Methinks you ſhould ſometimes

ſometimes reflect upon the Injuries you have done me; and upon your Ingratitude to the moſt Generous Obligations in Nature. I have lov'd you to the degree of Madneſs; and to the Contempt of all other things, and Mortals. You have not dealt with me like a man of honour. Nothing but a Natural Averſion could have kept you even from adoring me. Never was any Woman bewitch'd upon So eaſy terms. What did you ever do that might entitle you to my favour? What did you ever Loſe, or but

ſo

ſo much as hazzard for my Sake? Have you not entertain'd your ſelf with a thouſand other delights? No, not ſo much as a Sett at Tennis, or a Hunting-Match, that you would ever forbear upon any Accompt of Mine. Were you not ſtill the firſt that went to the Army, and the laſt that came back again? Were you ever the more Careful of your Perſon there, becauſe I begg'd it of you, as the greateſt Bleſſing of my Soul? Did you ever ſo much as offer at the Eſtabliſhment of your fortune in *Portugal*?

A place where you were ſo much eſteem'd. But one ſingle Letter of your Brothers hurry'd you away, without ſo much as a moments time to conſider of it: and I am certainly informed too, that you were never in better humour in your Whole Life, than upon that Voyage. You your ſelf cannot deny, but that I have reaſon to hate you above all men Living; and yet, in Effect, I may thank my Self; for I have drawn all theſe Calamities upon my own head. I dealt too openly, and plainly with you at firſt:

firſt : I gave you my heart too ſoon. It is not Love alone that begets Love; there muſt be Skill, and Addreſs; for it is Artifice, and not Paſſion, that creates Affection. Your firſt deſign was to make me Love you, and there was not any thing in the World which you would not then have done, to compaſs that End : Nay rather than fail, I am perſwaded you would have lov'd Me too, if you had judg'd it neceſſary. But you found out eaſier ways to do your Buſineſs, and ſo thought it better to let the

the Love alone. Perfidious Man! Can you ever think to carry off this Affront, without being call'd to an Accompt for't? If ever you Set foot in *Portugal* again; I do declare it to you, that I'le deliver you up to the Revenge of my Parents. It is along time that I have now liv'd in a kind of Licentious Idolatry, And the Conſcience of it ſtrikes me with horrour, and an Inſupportable Remorſe; I am Confounded with the Shame of What I have done for your Sake; and I have no longer (alas!) the Paſſion that kept the foulneſs

foulneſs of it from my Sight. Shall this tormented heart of Mine never find eaſe? Ah barbarous Man! When ſhall I ſee the End of this Oppreſſion? And yet after all this I cannot find in my heart to wiſh you any Sort of harm; Nay in my Conſcience I could be yet well enough content to ſee you happy: which as the Caſe ſtands, is utterly Impoſſible.

Within a While, you may yet perhaps receive another Letter from me, to ſhew you that I have outliv'd all your Outrages, and

and Philoſophiz'd my ſelf into a ſtate of Repoſe. Oh what a Pleaſure will it be to me, when I ſhall be able to tell you of your Ingratitude, and Treacheries, without being any longer concern'd at them my Self! When I ſhall be able to diſcourſe of you with Scorn; When I ſhall have forgotten all my Griefs, and Pleaſures, and not ſo much as think of your Self, but when I have a mind to't.

That you have had the better of me, 'tis true; for I have lov'd you to the very Loſs of my Reaſon: But it

it is no leſs true that you have not much cauſe to be proud on't. Alas I was young, and Credulous: Cloyſter'd up from a Child; and only Wonted to a rude, and diſagreeable ſort of People. I never knew what belong'd to fine Words, and Flatteries, till (moſt unfortunately) I came acquainted with you: And all the Charms, and Beauties you ſo often told me of, I only look'd upon as the Obliging Miſtakes of your Civility, and Bounty. You had a good Character in the World; I heard every body Speak well

well of you: and to all this, you made it your Business to engage me; but you have now (I thank you for't) brought me to my self again, and not without great need of your Assistance. Your two last Letters I am resolv'd to keep and to read them over oftner than ever I did any of the former, for fear of a Relapse. You may well afford them, I am sure, at the Price that they have cost me. Oh how happy might I have been, if you would but have given me Leave to Love you for ever: I know very well that betwixt my Indig-

Indignation, and your Infidelity, my preſent thoughts are in great Diſorder. But remember what I tell you: I am not yet out of hope of a more peaceable Condition, which I will either Compaſs, or take ſome other Courſe with my ſelf; which I preſume, you will be well enough content to hear of. But I will never have any thing more to do with you. I am a fool for ſaying the Same things over, and over again ſo often. I muſt leave you, and not ſo much as think of you. Now do I begin to Phanſie that I ſhall not write to you again for

all

all This; for what Neceſſity is there that I muſt be telling of you at every turn how my Pulſe beats?

THE END.